Mobile July 12th 1848

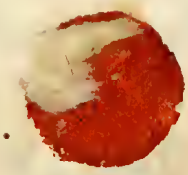
Dear Friends

Methinks I hear a solicitous inquiry this afternoon in the family circle, why does not my son, my brother write us a word as to? What is the cause of his long silence? Has he forgotten that he has a Mother who is ever anxious to hear of his prosperity — a Sister, whose affections are warm and who is ever ready to sympathize with him either in prosperity or adversity? If not — Why does he not write? Whether these suggestions be real or imaginary, it will be a violation of my feelings to postpone the pleasure of writing you longer. But you will pardon my delay, when I tell you that our studies have been very severe this term. I have been under the necessity of spending much more time on my lessons than usual, and have therefore found but little or no time for reading or writing: if this will not answer for an apology — I have no other — I would barely mention — any anticipated pleasures are generally accompanied with a double relish — Thus I would have you console yourselves that I have not forgotten the scene of my nativity, nor do I think of you with a cold, indifferent heart: the thoughts of home light up a flame of joy in my soul when I recal what a treasure I possess in the character of our family, and often the dart of sorrow leaves me not unwounded when I call to mind their peculiar situation. For some reason I have felt very anxious about you for several days past, and were it in my power I would quickly hasten to remove every difficulty, to relieve every want, to sooth the brow of care and raise the downcast eye, which imagination has depicted so glowingly in life's before me, of those whom I love. But

I often love to think that my friends are blest and happy, and
all the earthly cares may press heavily upon them, yet they enjoy a se-
renity of mind that bears them above dejection, bids them ride
calm and undaunted on the roughened sea of time and con-
tinually points them to a haven of rest, blissful and eternal.
Such thoughts as these make me rejoice: and surely my dear
friend we have abundant cause for joy and rejoicing, that
we have some faint hopes that after a few more wearying years
we shall be released from these cares and fetters that bind us to
earth, from the cares, disappointments and sorrows which often
pierce cruel thorns pierce our souls and hedew our cheeks with
tears, and our happy spirits, purified by the blood of Jesus, will
wing their way to the bright realms of bliss, and forever unite in
hymning the praises of the Great Eternal and will forever be in-
creasing in knowledge, in holiness and in happiness. If such a
prospect as this is before us, why then can we not endure it, even
if a tender Mother must be separated from her children. even if
she have not one fond child with her to cheer and comfort her
down the declivity of life, to watch with anxious solicitude around
her dying bed, and to close her fearless eyes when the released spirit
has gone, has fled forever? But we trust this will never be her
lot. We hope while she lives she will ever be blessed with
the company of some one of her children, in whom she will
ever have the satisfaction of seeing a disposition cheerful and rea-
dy to administer to her necessities. She is indeed deserving of
this. She longer I have dwelt from the paternal roof, the more
am led to reflect upon the instructions I have received from my

is ready and willing to pour out his Spirit here, but waiting to see if all his children will come up to his help. What guilt must be attached to that one who studiously refuses to engage heart and hand in this work, who by this means is preventing the blessing of the Lord, is an obstacle in this camp of Israel and guilty of plunging immortal souls into perdition! Pray that may not be this unbelieved one. I have the charge of a sabbath school about a mile from College, composed of about 40 scholars, which is very interesting. The children are very much engaged and I am very much pleased, and I believe it will be a means of good both to myself and those whom I instruct. I arrived safe in Middlebury, the sun about half an hour high, on Tuesday day. I felt home, weary indeed, but was so much refreshed the next day, that I got all before 8 eleven o'clock I scrubbed out my rooms and prepared a Greek lesson for recitation. and I have enjoyed perfect health ever since, so that I have been enabled, as a general thing, to commence study about half past 7 in the morning, and, with little intermission, to pursue it till eleven in the evening. My exercise consists in walking a mile for my promotion. Bemsbee, a member of my class is restricted for the term of ten weeks. — a loud call for the remainder of us. Smith, a brother of the one in Bowen class has entered ours, the first scholar by far, and otherwise a fine fellow. I received a letter this week from Brother Henry A. He writes that his health is improving. Aunt's health poor, children all well. I want you should write me immediately, and let me know if there are any favorable appearances in regard with regard to my assistance, for if not, I shall be under the necessity of entertaining some scheme, perhaps, before I return. Sheldon is well. Give my love to all inquiring friends. From your brother A. W. Preston

Mother and the higher to prize Heaven and pain mankind 13
that they may have a lasting benefit to me." I have some news to write that perhaps may be interesting to you. The state of religion here has been somewhat more interesting in College this term than any one previous. Professors of religion have been generally more engaged and meetings have been very solemn. some impenitent sinners have been converted, but many more who express any hope. It appears that the Lord



Miss Polly Fisher
Rutland
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